

## JACK: MY FOX TERRIER.

### A TRUE RECORD.

By DANIEL DORMER, Author of "A Dream of Queens' Gardens," etc.



YESTERDAY was one of the very sad days of my life, for yesterday my dear dog died.

Even now, though I am sitting by his grave this hot morning, under the shade of a high hedge of hawthorn, I cannot realise that Jack is really dead.

There, just before me, at a corner of one of the lawns of our country garden, is the uneven turf which was taken up yesterday and laid again over the deep earth which hides the stiffened little white body. On the faded disturbed grass stands a lovely pot of pale pink roses, over which a white butterfly is persistently hovering, and at its base lies a cross of white flowers. I will tell you presently why I had no hesitation in choosing that sacred symbol of our sublime faith to mark the spot, though it is only a humble little dog who lies buried there.

Even now I keep expecting to see the daintily-modelled small white fellow, with his pretty ears pricked, one white, one black, and his loving brown eyes expectant, come trotting down the path and over the turf to lie down on the cool, shadowy grass beside me. Even now—and yet my eyes are full of tears, and my heart is heavy with the knowledge that I shall never see my dear daily companion here again!

In the house, before I came here to sit beside his grave, I thought I heard the little whispering whine he used to make outside the door of any room where I, his mistress, was. I even got up mechanically to open the door from long habit of responding to the invariably welcome request for admittance; but before I touched the handle I remembered, and with a pang sat down again.

The pages of the half-filled note-book in which I am writing blows over with a welcome breath of wind this sultry morning, and I see sketch after sketch of my pet. All more or less faulty, yet all too sadly recalling the intent gaze of the big intelligent eyes, the observant droop of the sensitive silky ears which, to my memory, need no recalling.

It was on a dark rainy afternoon in winter,

four and a half years ago, that Jack arrived—a little leggy, shivering puppy in whom, I now remember with amazement, I felt but mild interest.

Tea was waiting on the basket-table at one end of the room, and the leggy puppy indicated his hunger and his entire lack of embarrassment simultaneously by standing on his hind legs and putting both fore-paws into a plate of bread and butter which stood on one of the little side shelves of the table. Thus was the ice broken between us, and a valuable old china plate was nearly broken with it! For the plate flew up, and the thin slices scattered far and wide over the carpet, while I and my sister laughed and caught up the small miscreant.

Then we gave him some food, and afterwards he lay in my sister's lap by the fire—for he still shivered, fox-terriers being specially sensitive to cold—while we talked. Now and then the talk ran on Jacko, I amusing myself as I frequently did throughout his subsequent life by making up conversation which I playfully attributed to him. He always loved to curl himself up in one's lap, though he scorned the notion of being a lap-dog. Only the day before yesterday,

when he was growing mortally ill, with a heavy effort he leapt on to my knee, and sank down there breathing a deep sigh of content. He had a remarkably soothing way of expressing his sense of comfort by these long-drawn sighs of satisfaction.

Beyond the hedge and sloping field which bounds our garden runs a busy railway line. The birds—nightingale, thrush, blackbird, and lark sing day and night in the tall elms there, nothing affrighted by the rushing trains; but the small fox-terrier was terribly alarmed by the snorting iron monster at first, and when, soon after his arrival, we began to walk or sit in the garden, he would play gaily on the grass with his sole canine companion, Rusty, a Yorkshire terrier, until the approach of a train, when he would scurry across to the friendly shelter of our skirts, hiding under them or making frantic efforts to scramble up them on to our knees.

What a contrast Rusty was to Jacko! He, poor fellow, was stolen from us a few months after Jacko came; but how he ill-treated Jack! Many a time the latter had to be rescued from his attack. The poor puppy was never daunted, however. He was always willing to play humbly and happily, if a little boisterously, with his friend, till such time as that friend would suddenly give way to a fit of temper and roll him over and bite him fiercely.

But Jack was soon left to be our sole pet. And how completely he twined himself round our hearts and into our lives! No lover of animals ever saw him without falling in love with him. His loveliness is the characteristic which stands out most in many minds to-day, not least certainly in those who knew him best.

About six months after he came, I had a terrible illness. The wee man was away here, down in the country, while I and the rest of the family were in our London home. I longed very much for the sweet air and quiet of the country, but most of all I longed for my small white dog.

I recovered, and reached this cottage in safety. And every hour of each long day of

my slow convalescence I was helped by Jack. He lay on my bed hour after hour, soothing me with his quiet presence, while I stroked his warm, silky ears and white coat. He ate bits of my food; not greedily, but willing to eat anything I had brought up to me, though he would not touch such kind downstairs—even to drinking a cup of tea! simply, as they told me, and I could not but believe, because he loved me so. When I was carried out into the garden, he exhibited great delight, careering at my side and jumping up to me, or still more often dragging at the train of my loose pink gown as I went, tripping over it, stumbling head over heels again and again in his excitement, till once, later, when I could walk, he carried my train to such good purpose, tugging along, that he dragged me off my weak feet! But neither then nor at any other time did he do me one scrap of harm; only good.

He was very fond of my father—gave him a most affectionate good-bye look yesterday—but he loved his mistress more; and if the two went for a walk together, and either turned back alone, Jack evinced a decided preference to stick by me. His companionship was pleasant to my father, though; and consequently I declined to be escorted by Jack, which difference of will proved a fruitful source of struggle between us for a while. But the duty of obedience was insisted on, and in that, as in all other points, Jack learnt to yield and obey, so that he soon made no attempt to follow me when we separated, but went merrily forward, after just one wistful glance. It was indeed this trait of cheerfulness in submission which is one of the *raisons d'être* of this little record.

Another trait was his lovable companionableness. On one occasion when I was very sad he looked up in my face and then jumped unbidden into my arms. If we laughed together Jack got up wagging his stump of a tail vehemently. If we kissed one another he rose and whined and jumped up to us, till he too got patted and caressed.

He had a good deal of mischief in him. He would make dashes after cows or horses when we passed them in the fields, delighting in the chase, utterly fearless of their dangerous heels; though indeed he was so lithe and agile that the danger to him was small. Now and then he would "go for" a collie or retriever, much to the anxiety of the master or mistress who happened to be with him at the time. But he never in all his gentle life attacked a small dog, or even one of his own size, unless the latter set on him; then he responded heartily—though always with the moderation of one acting in self-defence and conscious of his great strength. For no better developed, more athletic dog ever lived. All connoisseurs praised his condition, and his mistress was proud of the beautiful shapely little creature. He was never spoilt at all, or petted over-much; but was well-behaved and courteous. "What a gentleman Jack is!" people exclaimed. He even hunted "Tommy" the stable cat in a well-bred fashion! taking the vicious claw-scratches with imperturbable good-humour indicated by a wagging tail, and making rushes at his antagonist with an open mouth which was always gentle though the blood trickled down the dear doggie's nose. "Tommy! Tommy! Where's Tommy?" I said two days ago, seeking to rouse my pet. He raised his head, and cocked his black ear; but was alas! too weak to stir. His peace-

ableness seemed to be recognised instinctively amongst his own kind. At a furnished house which we took last winter at St. Leonards, Jack occupied a new kennel which I bought for him; or rather I should say he seldom occupied it. For the mistress of the house owned a dog, which was kept by her next-door neighbour during her absence from home; probably the dog resented Jack's occupation of his abode, for he was perpetually invading our precincts, and usually slept in Jack's fine kennel! Yet Jack would turn him out of doors in a twinkling if ordered to do so.

This hospitable tendency of his finally cost him his life. For not many nights ago he harboured a starved puppy, sharing his bones and water and bed with him. In the morning our groom discovered and drove away the small intruder, for he had distemper. But alas! it was too late, the mischief was done; Jack took the infection though he was so old a dog for it, and it paved the way for the fatal inflammation.

He had a pretty way of his own of springing along on a lawn or in the fields, bound after bound he went, scarcely touching the ground between the leaps. It was charming to watch him, reminding those who had seen them of the graceful action of black buck.

He would have made an excellent sporting dog; but was never required for sport, and so remained untrained. He delighted however to "put up" pheasants and partridges, and worked very cleverly for his own amusement. I have seen him run after a covey of young partridges and push them gently with his nose to make them rise, without touching them further, though they were too young and weak to benefit by the very strong hint he gave them of their bounden duty towards sportsmen.

I never taught him any tricks. He learned to beg from seeing Rusty do it. The funny young thing would sit up behind his senior, dangling his puppy legs before him in comical parody of the Yorkshire's finished performance. He learned to pick up pennies because some happened to be dropped near him one day, and he joined in the scramble, as he always joined in everything that looked like play. He learned to put out lighted matches, because a vesta was dropped alight on the carpet and one of us jumped up to put a foot on it to extinguish it: next time it happened Jack was first in putting out the flame, patting it with his paw, and being enormously pleased and excited afterwards with the commendation the feat elicited for him.

Then another endearing little trick of his own origination was to jump on to a sofa which nearly touches the backs of the chairs of those seated on one side of the dining-table in our country cottage, and to put his fore-paws round the neck or on either shoulder of anyone sitting there. After he had once done that, I encouraged its repetition, saying, "up! up!" and patting my shoulder; and he did it again immediately. He needed no further bidding; but whenever subsequently his capital appetite prompted the coaxing suggestion that his meal-time approached he would jump up and caress one in that way.

Every evening after dinner he had his one daily meal. Throughout dinner-time he lay quite still under the table. But when after the family had retired I began to prepare his food, he came out. Then he would stand on his hind legs, resting his paws on my knees up to the elbow—it always seemed like a child resting its elbows there to me—and watch operations with hungry eyes and a wagging tail. Directly the food was ready he thrust an eager handshake upon me, and forthwith enjoyed his dinner heartily. Surely no dog ever ate so fast before! Now and then I used to pull him back from his dish for fun, dragging him by his short snipped tail, when

he would pretend to bite my hand with the strong teeth, from between which I never feared even to take a bone, and resume his dinner when released with much wagging, saying, oh so plainly, that he understood the play and liked it.

A tiny Maltese terrier came occasionally to visit us. Then, while the little guest was permitted to perambulate the room begging for scraps, Jack was required to lie quiet under the table as usual till the meal came to an end. And further, Joseph, the little visitor, was given first choice of the dish of food they had in common, Jack's great hungry eyes looking pathetically on. One day, and only one, Jack lost his temper with his friend and fell upon him. He was in earnest that day; but he was forcibly taken off the wee fellow and received instantaneous chastisement. Then he collapsed, thoroughly ashamed, retiring to hide behind his mistress's skirts, leaving the remainder of his food untouched, apparently heart-broken at having been betrayed into violence towards his small visitor. So sensitive were his feelings that he would droop ears and tail at one reproving word.

One peculiarity of his was that he would never eat his food unless I were in the room with him. Over and over again he left it and whined at the door after me when I tried leaving him alone to it. So I used to sit with him. As a rule, as I have said, I prepared his simple meal at our own table after dinner. But if friends were dining with us, this became impracticable; so I gave orders for him to be fed in the kitchen. Not a bit would he touch there, however. Again and again I tried him, but it was useless. So I used to go down myself and do it; and once, when a strange *chef* was in occupation below, and a dinner-party of special dimensions was in progress, I secured his food for him, and while the ladies chatted in the drawing-room, and the gentlemen smoked in the dining-room, I sat on the stairs beside my happy little dog while he enjoyed his food. It was not dignified perhaps; but I am glad I did it. And he quite understood the fun of the situation—kept on leaving off eating to look up in my face wagging his tail vehemently; in which pretty way in greater or less degree he always rendered his thanks for all he had.

At one time, two years ago, he got into bad company, and took to going off out alone. He always came back on these occasions looking guilty—which particular expression in him strongly resembled a rabbit. His ears were laid flat, far back on his head; his eyes were abnormally large and prominent, besides being very mournful, and his tail, of course, was tucked close in between his legs. Dear doggie, what a human creature he was! He never seemed like the generality of dogs at all; his was such a distinct personality. One day this playing truant reached a crisis, and came to an abrupt termination. We missed him in the afternoon, and grew sufficiently anxious towards evening, having searched in field and road and failed to find him. Then late at night we heard two long-drawn dismal wails outside the house-door.

"What's that?" we said. "Can it be?—yes it is, Jack!"

There he sat in a corner of the porch, a dim, white, dejected little object. He was conscious of the enormity of his fault, and had not dared to ask to be let in as he usually did, with a little whining cry or scratch at the door, so he had sat down and howled. No human being ever knew right and wrong more surely.

He had a rooted objection to postmen. One of these usually harmless and useful individuals had thrown stones at the wistful puppy, who, we were told, was always to be seen in the front garden on the look-out when we were all from home. And from that foun-

dation grew a fear and detestation of postmen as a genus. So that when we were spending last winter in a furnished house on the south coast, the innocent wearer of the condemned uniform dare not enter the garden-gate, but on more than one occasion hovered outside, like a restless will-o'-the-wisp, kept at bay by Master Jack (despite his lantern "opened to fright the dog" as he announced), till one of our servants saw him and went to his rescue.

Once, and once only, did he lay hold of a man. My sister took him when she went to be photographed.

"Is your dog dangerous?" asked the photographer.

"Dangerous?" was the amazed answer; "he is the gentlest creature alive." And her hand sought Jack's intelligent head, as he sat close beside her in the nestling way in which he always sat close to those he loved.

Presently the photographer approached his sitter, and laid his hand on her shoulder to move her in order to obtain a better position. When lo! Jack had him by the leg in a moment. He did no damage at all, but gave such a serious warning, that the man rushed off to a chemist frightened and much incensed, though not at all hurt. Apparently Jack could not stand by and see his charge pulled about by a strange man without remonstrance.

He did no great thing, just lived the brief life his Creator gave him—only he lived it so well. For, be sure, there are noble and ignoble dogs, every whit as truly as there are noble and ignoble men and women. And so nobly did Jack take any correction that he soon needed none, and was the happiest dog imaginable.

And so he lived—then drooped, and suffered, and died.

"How he watches you about, miss! just like a child;" said a sympathetic servant, whose heart had also been won by the little favourite.

And the words were very true.

There he lay, stretched helpless on two chairs, with quivering body, each breath drawing heavily through the choked, inflamed lungs, and watched me with his brown eyes. He swallowed nauseous medicine and spoon-fool under pathetic protest of jaws locked together with all his remaining strength: bore mustard-poultices and other tortures at my hands, yet the eyes gladdened unmistakably whenever I went near, and perpetually followed my every movement to and fro.

To try and make sleep come to him, I and my sister both left him on that last sad morning of his life. It was oppressively hot, and the door leading to the garden from the room where he lay stood open. After a moment's absence I crept noiselessly back to this doorway. But I soon went right in, for my dear dog was crying, with the sobbing shadow of the little cry he always made when he was trying to get to me and could not.

Two hours after that, when his unexpected end was very near, my sister was sitting with him and I joined her. I knelt down beside him to get my face on a level with him to soothe and comfort him a little. (It was but half-an-hour before his death, though we little knew that.) I talked to him, and touched his ears in the way he loved. Then he began to sob, looking eagerly at me, so that my sister begged me to go away.

"I wish you would leave him, dear," she said; "this cannot be good for him. He is much worse when you are here; he does so try to tell you how ill he is."

For his sake, I went, sadly enough. But, presently, finding him left alone for a few moments I stole back once more. I could not keep away. In an instant I noticed that a marked change had taken place in his breathing. I stood over him.



"He can't last long if he breathes as quick as that, miss, can he?" asks the maid who had crept in after me to see him too.

"No," I replied anxiously, and laid my hand on him.

He looked up right into my face with the most loving look I ever saw; the dear dumb suffering eyes brimmed with devotion, and the breathing quieted down.

"Why, it's different now; it's done him good to have your hand on him, miss, hasn't it?" said the girl in round-eyed wonder.

And it was unquestionably true. Then I knelt down once more and touched his head with my other hand also. Once more he looked me full in the face and tried to lick my hand. Then came a terrible convulsion, and Jack fell down again, dead.

"He is dead—quite dead!" I heard myself sobbing, as though it were another person who spoke. For I am not ashamed to say I cried like a child—or is it not childish, but only womanly to weep most real and bitter tears over so dearly-loved and loving a fellow-creature as Jack was?

I was broken down all that day, and all night, till towards morning, when the birds began to sing, better thoughts came. "How could I best preserve the memory of my good dog?" I wondered. "A little drinking fountain in a thirsty spot for dogs? A gift to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals?—Yes," came to my mind in a hesitating fashion. Then arose a vivid remembrance of him; his perfect enjoyment of the happinesses of his short life, his cheerfulness in submitting to the many little disagreeables in his path, his patience in suffering and death—for the utter absence in him of anything like complaining or rebellion had impressed itself so strongly on my mind that I felt reproved for my great misery in his loss. Could I not learn something from his example? I asked myself. Would not some good habit formed in my own daily life in remembrance of my little dog best preserve his memory? And would any others join me in this, I wonder? If I wrote a little record of the innocent life just ended to the "girls" to whom I wrote once before, would any among them help me

to honour God through God's humble little creature's life and death?

Is the idea strained and far-fetched? Surely not. Is it not true that he excelled most of us in many points? In his obvious gratefulness for all that was done for him, notwithstanding the discomfort it inflicted; as well as in the delighted appreciation of the good which fell to his lot; in his complete and unhesitating obedience to those in authority over him, though doubtless one was whimsical and irritable in the exercise of it occasionally as far as he could know; above all in the daily lovable-ness and faithful affection by which he brightened and gladdened the lives of those with whom he lived, I see very deep and valuable lessons which I, at least, have but half learnt.

So I resolved to try; and here and now I ask you, beloved Girl-reader, will you remember Jack's unconscious example? Recall him and renew the effort every time you see a fox-terrier, if you will. In that way Jack will need no other—could have no better—memorial. He will live on thus in the best possible way; even if there be no other life reserved for dogs.



## RAILWAY TRAVELLING IN COMFORT AND SAFETY.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.



SOME years ago a discussion took place, chiefly in the medical journals, as to the effects of railway travelling on the health. At this date I do not remember the conclusions generally arrived at. It is little matter, for even if I did, I should form my own independent opinion. Travelling by train may be

productive of much pleasure, and the health may be benefited by it when judiciously and comfortably gone about. On the other hand, our railway system is accountable for a good deal of chronic illness, quite apart from those accidents to life and limb against which there can be no real protection.

It certainly is not my intention, however, in this paper to put forward railway travel as a new cure, or

even to recommend it as a curative agent of any kind, but merely to offer a few hints and suggestions, coupled with a word or two of good advice and warning, which may be found useful to those in health as well as to the invalid.

There is a large class of travellers in this country whose duties take them every day to the City, or to cities, and whose homes are in the country or suburbs. They spend, in point of fact, a considerable portion of their lives in railway carriages; and there are many others, notably commercial travellers, who do the same. Now, those belonging to either of these classes may be excused if they sometimes ask themselves the question, "Does constant railway travelling injure the health in any way, and tend to shorten life?"

The answer to this would, I think, be: "It all depends on how one travels." I happen to have